

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

76

STUART MARTIN

in another of his Unsolved Crimes invites you to theorise with him on one of the most amazing theft Mysteries that ever baffled the police.

## GUARDED GOLD CUP VANISHES AT ASCOT

IN the year 1907 the "impossible" happened. The Ascot Gold Cup was stolen; stolen right under the eyes of its guardians on the Ascot racecourse, in daylight, just before the famous race was run, when the enclosure was filled with Society.

For a long time afterwards there were many people who believed the whole thing was a hoax perpetrated by some young bloods. There had been some astonishing hoaxes carried out in the same year.

But Scotland Yard never after that day regarded the theft as a hoax. The Yard accepted it as a crime—the solution of which defied them.

It has often been said that horse-racing is a secondary consideration at Ascot, and that the primary function of the meeting is the gathering of fashionable people, headed by Royalty. "Royal" Ascot.

The Royal enclosure, overlooking the racecourse, is as impregnable as a strong-room to the unauthorised person. There, outsiders might see, but could not approach, the three trophies of the most important races—the Ascot Gold Cup, the Royal Hunt Cup, and the King's Gold Vase.

Scotland Yard, and not the Jockeys' National Hunt Club, issues the passes for entrance into the enclosure. The reason for this is that the Yard can

denly sounded. The Cup had gone.

The enclosure was in a state of feverish activity all at once. Entrances and exits were closed. Everybody was questioned. But nobody had the Cup. Nobody knew anything about it.

The question was raised whether the race could be run without the Cup, for the King (Edward VII) was to present the awards. A hurried meeting of officials was called, and it was decided that the race must be run. And when it was run, the winner received a few words of apology for His Majesty's inability to hand it over.

Such a situation had never been known in the history of racing; nor since.

I have spoken to several important members of Scotland Yard about this mysterious theft, men who were on the job. They were inclined within the first hour or two to think that it was a rather disagreeable joke by young men of Society.

One joke was, consciously or unconsciously, perpetrated that day. A London evening newspaper came out with the placard: "Mark Twain Arrives—Ascot Gold Cup Stolen."

The celebrated American humorist had actually arrived in England on that day. He remarked to me, drily, that it seemed suspicious.

But after that fateful day

But the thief, or thieves? Conference after conference was held at the Yard. The theft was reconstructed time and again. Here is the hypothetical case that the Yard made out.

The detectives decided that several thieves were employed. It was also certain that whoever "lifted" the Cup must have been smartly dressed. The crooks chose a moment when there was pressure at the gates to slip inside the enclosure unchallenged.

The theft must have been rehearsed so that it was carried out in a flash.

The attention of the policeman guarding the Cup was taken up by one of the thieves asking a direction to some part of the enclosure; and in that moment the Cup was whisked out of sight, probably handed to a third confederate and taken to a waiting car outside. A car, it was believed, formed part of the thieves' equipment.

The get-away was aided by the sheer impudence with which it was planned and executed.

Such was the official police reconstruction. I agreed with it at the time—but it did not go deep enough, and I still think it does not go deep enough.

Yes, there was a car. Yes, there were at least three thieves. Yes, the crime had been rehearsed. But how did the person who conveyed the Cup out of the enclosure get away without it being seen?

It was a bulky article. Even the constable who guarded it was so certain that theft was impossible that, when he first saw the Cup had been removed, he concluded the goldsmiths' man had taken it somewhere.

Who, then, and how did that Cup escape notice passing through the crowd and out of the gates?

I have gone over the ground during an Ascot meeting. I have tried every theory advanced. I think I can explain the method by which the Cup was taken away.

A woman! In those days women wore, at the races, parasols, long cloaks, befrilled skirts, big hats.

### New reconstruction

My reconstruction, then, is simple. A well-dressed man enters, with a faked, or genuine, card. His woman is with him. Another man enters. No. 1 and the woman get placed near the Cup. No. 2 sees to it that the goldsmith's man goes off for a moment, then holds the policeman's attention. No. 1 lifts the Cup, hands it to the woman. They are off in the crowd before the policeman turns round.

Who is to challenge a well-dressed lady and gentleman for a moment? The Cup disappears in the folds of the woman's cloak, or elsewhere, as practice has dictated.

Then out through the gates. Nobody would challenge an exit, even if an entry might be challenged.

The car is waiting. Once in the car it is plain sailing.

And where did the Cup go ultimately? I heard a story that it crossed the Atlantic. It almost certainly did not remain long in England.



## This is NITA in repose—

On the back page you see Nita in action—and very swift action, too! She does this amazing "Butterfly" in the popular Victoria Palace (London) show, "La-di-da-di-da." For the benefit of amateur photographers in the Submarine Service, we publish George Greenwell's own report of how he took those back-page pictures, which are fine examples of speed photography. As you see, Nita has the charm of good looks as well as the unusual agility which transforms her into the "Butterfly."

## Whilst salvaging a ship they salvaged a MONASTERY

NEWS OF THE NORTH

By F. W. REED

THE old monastery of St. Cuthbert, standing on the rocks of the uninhabited Farne Islands off the coast of Northumberland, has for the first time in centuries given sanctuary to a group of men.

These islands are only inhabited for three months each year, when bird watchers live there to tend the birds.

Just recently a ship foundered on the rocks, and a group of salvage men went out to refloat her. The journey was rough, and the tides played a big part in their job. Not wanting to waste any time, they decided to make the old monastery into a home for the duration of the task. It was a happy gang of lads who went to work in the old building.

### Chimney-sweeping

After being empty for so long, they started the fires to dry the rooms out, but within a few minutes they were all

enveloped in clouds of smoke. The chimneys were blocked. A former river pilot of Hartlepool, using a boulder tied to a rope, went on to the roof and lowered the stone into the chimneys, one by one. When he had finished, over two hundredweight of birds' nests was the result.

Old stalls formerly used by monks were repaired with pieces of scrap timber from the wreck, hurricane lamps were fitted to the wooden beams for lights, and dormitories of camp beds, neatly placed in rows, made comfortable bedrooms.

### Ingenuity will out

The black-out was another problem, but with some ingenuity one man climbed to the roof with a mat and stones and placed them in position over the roof windows. Others were made of sacking.

When the weather became very bad, small boats could not make the journey to the island, and food was exceptionally short. Although Angora rabbits run in abundance across the island, the men could not bring themselves to kill any for food, and they went without, until the relief party arrived with stores, and then what a feed they had! In reasonable weather the fishermen returning to port called in and supplied them with part of their catches.

### Evensong in an old setting

During the evenings the only entertainment was dominoes or cards, and it wasn't until some time later that a wireless set could be taken to them. It arrived one Sunday afternoon, and for the first time an aerial was fixed to the roof of the old building. When it was switched on the evening service was in progress. It was a strange sight to see that gathering of former seamen seated in the



Here is Lieut. Makepeace standing on the stairs of the old monastery, adjusting the hurricane lamps for the lighting of the old chambers.

old stalls, some around the cheery fire, singing the hymns and taking part in the service.

What spare time the men had from their salvage job they used in making the building draught-proof and warm. The stairs were rebuilt, new floorboards were laid, and tables of odd pieces of timber from the wreck made it as comfortable as possible.

In fact, they salvaged both a ship and a monastery.

## SEND US

your best story, puzzles, quiz, ideas and suggestions. It's your paper. Help to fill it with what you want. Address on back page.



more easily check up on names, and no criminal posing as a newspaperman can pass the scrutiny at the entrance. Every well-known Society person must have a tag showing the permit.

### In full view

The two cups and the gold vase were, as had been the case for many years, placed in full view of those within the enclosure.

For over 200 years Ascot has provided sporting thrills, but none compared to the thrill of the 1907 meeting.

A policeman was on guard. A representative of the goldsmith cup-maker was present. And the Ascot Gold Cup was taken from the stand.

That is all that can be said about the crime. Nobody saw it go. Nobody saw anything happen out of the ordinary. The goldsmiths' representative had been called away momentarily—but only momentarily.

But police whistles sud-

Scotland Yard saw no joke in the affair. Officers concentrated on finding the thief. Railway stations were watched. Every crook was checked up. Every avenue by which a thief disposes of stolen goods was visited.

There was a vague suggestion that the thief had come from South Africa, for only a few weeks previously £1,500 worth of gold had disappeared from a South African Exhibition. There were some points of similarity in the thefts. Other gold thefts had taken place just prior to the Ascot meeting.

### Little value—as a Cup

But the Cup could have little market value—as a cup. It was too well known for anybody to keep it as a treasure. If it was melted down, the value of the gold would be but a fraction of the value of the "stolen Ascot Cup." And these are probably the reasons the Ascot Gold Cup was never recovered.



## Periscope Page

### WANGLING WORDS—38

1. Mix the words DENT and PIECE to make an insect.
2. Put the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after the letters CA, and make a word.
3. Can you change RAVEN into MISER, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration? Change in the same way: MANY into FAIL, CARESS into PARENT, COCK into BULL.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word MISUNDERSTANDING?

### Answer to Wangling Words—No. 37

1. SENSE.
2. DEVONSHIRE.
3. CARD, CARE, DARE, DACE, DICE, LINE, LINES, PINES, PINTS, PENTS, PEATS, BEATS, BEARS, BOARS, SOARS, SLAPS, SLOPS, SLOTS, CLOTS, CLOTH, PANTS, PINTS, DINTS, DINES, DIVES, RIVES, RIVET, GOLD, FOLD, FOND, FIND, RIND, RING.
4. Cure, Care, Lure, Liar, Cute, Rail, Rate, Tear, Tare, Tile, Tire, Rare, Grit, Cult, Rite, Rice, etc.  
Great, Trate, Trace, Grail, Clear, Gruel, Large, Rural, Guilt, Trice, Trail, Truce, etc.

## THREE-MINUTE THRILLER

By NIGEL MORLAND

# They always forget

GANGSTERS of the American pattern have never troubled Scotland Yard, but one of them challenged the old grey headquarters on the edge of the Thames and in no uncertain manner.

Mario Yriarte was at the time considered America's Public Enemy Number One. He came to Europe for a holiday, and then decided to go home by way of England. He sent a blunt warning to the Commissioner of Police.

In brief terms, he explained he had been convalescing, and now wanted to earn some money. He intimated that on Midsummer Day he would enter Caligni's, the Piccadilly Jeweller's, and steal every stone in the place.

Precautions were taken. Police paraded the front of Caligni's. Men patrolled the neighbouring roofs.

Yet one factor was overlooked; there was no guard inside the building. It never occurred to anybody that Yriarte could ever get near Caligni's. What Scotland Yard forgot was the old Down Street tube. A month before, Yriarte, under another name, had taken a small newspaper shop backing on to the original tube entrance.

He cut through the rear wall of the shop, through the tube passages to the back of Caligni's, where he and his team of experts got into the shop, keeping their promise on

the night of Midsummer Day.

Heads began to roll. Yriarte must have been chuckling, and in his proud self-esteem he overdid it. He sent full-face and profile photographs to Mrs. Pym herself, with a frank statement that he would leave Croydon airport the following Tuesday. His plans "were too perfect" for her to catch him.

Mrs. Pym glanced at the photographs, then threw them aside to the experts, who plastered London with reproductions. She flatly told police executives that she wanted no help, only that of Chief Detective Inspector Shott, and she would bring in Yriarte.

When Tuesday dawned she was at Croydon airport with Shott beside her. He was watching eagerly for the fat, heavily built, unmistakable Yriarte in some sort of clever disguise. Mrs. Pym was bored, and did not even appear to be studying the passengers for the Lisbon plane.

They watched it going out, and a detective—who was secretly shadowing Mrs. Pym—telephoned Scotland Yard that she had not made an arrest. He did not realise what she already knew, that the Lisbon plane was running in duplicate to deal with the holiday crowds, and that, beyond the afternoon Paris plane, it was the only other one out that day.

A crowd of people surged towards the entrance barrier,

and Mrs. Pym swooped. The man she grasped was not Yriarte, to Shott's mind, yet he fought like a maniac, and was forcing Shott down until Mrs. Pym tapped him on the back of his head with the heel of her shoe.

At Scotland Yard they would not believe it. The captive was thin, with a Roman nose, and wrong-coloured eyes—in fact, he could not have been Yriarte. Mrs. Pym explained willingly, showing how the nose had been

changed by bone grafting, the eyes "recoloured" with contact lenses cunningly tattooed with different coloured irises which cleverly obscured the real thing. The man's fat had been removed by diet, and face-lifting had picked up the loose folds of skin, altering the features completely. It was a plastic surgeon's miracle, explaining Yriarte's "convalescence." Mrs. Pym was contemptuous.

(Solution on Page 3)

## ROUND THE WORLD with our Roving Cameraman



### BANANAS ARE PLENTIFUL THERE.

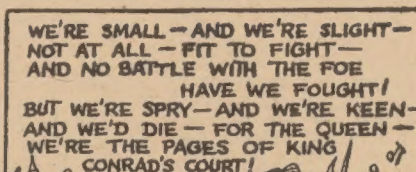
It is funny that almost all primitive people carry their loads on their heads. Over in Jamaica, where this picture was taken, they have plenty of bananas, and plenty of head-rooms, too. They are all lined up at the slipway in Montego Bay to take the bananas aboard a ship. The women do the labour—the women who used to carry baskets of coal for ship's fuelling. But you couldn't eat these bananas, for they are all green, newly cut, and will ripen after they are stored. One day, ships with banana cargoes will come to Britain. . . . One day . . . but this picture is just to remind you that there ARE bananas somewhere.

suffering effectually prevented my sleeping, and I remained distressingly alive to all the fearful circumstances of our present situation. Was it possible that, after all our vicissitudes, we were really in the terrible valley of Typee, and at the mercy of its inmates, a fierce and unrelenting tribe of savages?

From the excitement of these fearful thoughts, I sank, towards morning, into an uneasy slumber; and on awaking, with a start, in the midst of an appalling dream, looked up into the eager countenances of a number of the natives, who were bending over me.

It was broad day; and the house was nearly filled with young females, fancifully decorated with

## JANE



## QUIZ for today

1. What is the name of the two-humped camel?
2. Who wrote (a) "The Red Badge of Courage," (b) "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country," (c) "The Scarlet Pimpernel"?
3. Which of these places is not mentioned in the Bible: Alexandria, Crete, Cyprus, Libya, Germany, Italy?
4. What European battle gave its name to a colour?
5. Where is (a) Good Easter, (b) Christmaspie?
6. What is a pompelmoose?
7. What is meant by polychromatic?
8. How did currants get their name?
9. Who was Reginald Bunthorne?
10. What is the boiling-point of water on the Kelvin (Absolute) scale?
11. Who founded Rome, and when?
12. Who discovered the Victoria Falls, Rhodesia?

### Answers to Quiz in No. 75

1. The giraffe, which is often 18 feet high.
2. (a) H. G. Wells, (b) Robert Browning.
3. Earwig.
4. Broadly humorous and coarse; like Rabelais.
5. In Italy, near the Swiss frontier.
6. Poldhu, in Cornwall, and St. John's, Newfoundland.
7. A victory gained at too great a cost.
8. Banyan.
9. Hero of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Yeomen of the Guard."
10. 100 Acres.
11. Two: Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard.
12. Mycroft Holmes.

### Who is it?

He was very keen on sport, and would often get up at dawn to go hunting. One of his favourite hounds was named Ringwood. He wore a grey coat, lived in Cumberland, and had a very powerful voice. He often awakened his neighbours by playing a musical wind-instrument. Who was he?  
(Answer on Page 3)

flowers, who gazed upon me as I rose with faces in which childish delight and curiosity were vividly portrayed.

After waking Toby, they seated themselves round us on the mats, and gave full play to that prying inquisitiveness which, time out of mind, has been attributed to the adorable sex.

As these unsophisticated young creatures were attended by no jealous duennas, their proceedings were altogether informal, and void of artificial restraint. Long and minute was the investigation with which they honoured us, and so uproarious their

Continued on Page 3.

## This England and these English

### ADVENTURERS.

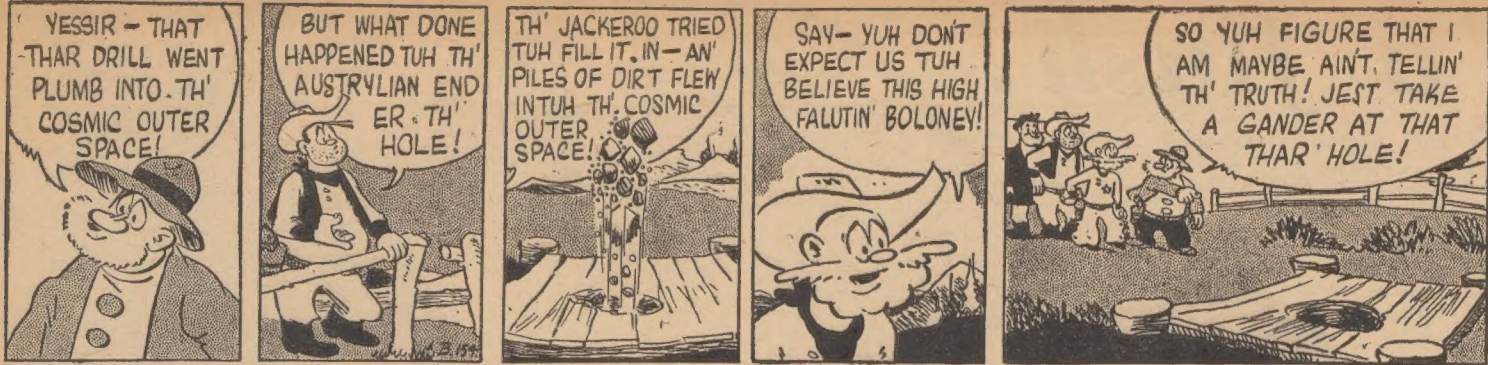
ENGLAND was made by its adventurers, not by its Government, and I believe it will only hold its place by adventurers.

—General Gordon.





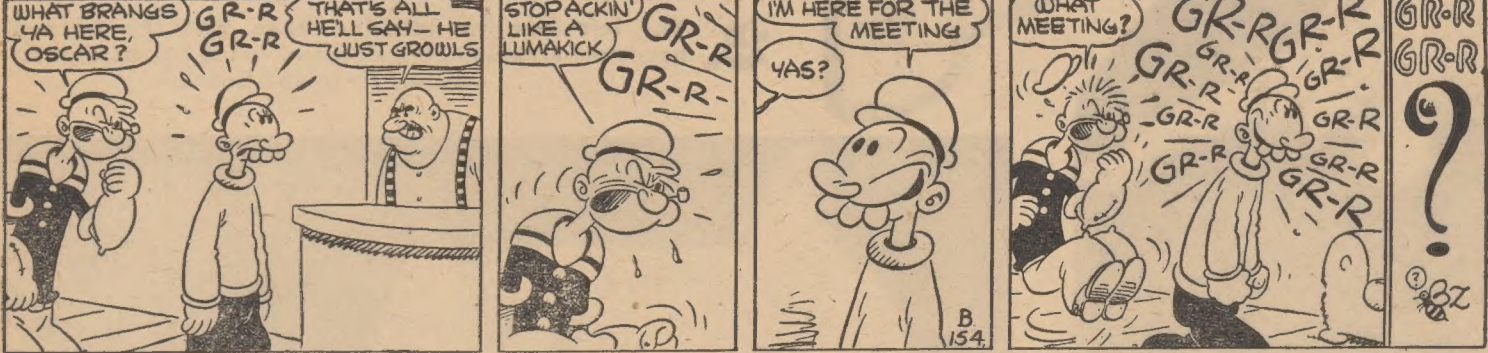
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



An amazing flash back

LET'S take three minutes off to turn back the curtain of Time just thirty years. Who would have guessed in 1913 that a penniless sign-writer living in frowzy Munich lodgings would one day see you at war in a submarine? Or, for a happier thought, that a Scottish schoolgirl was destined to be Britain's Queen?

Maybe there's someone aboard your ship who will similarly take the stage of history thirty years hence. Perhaps it's you!

This time thirty years ago, the King himself, then a middy on H.M.S. "Collingwood," counted tea-making among his duties. Anthony Eden was still in the fourth form at Eton. Churchill was First Lord, but Roosevelt was only just being appointed Assistant Naval Secretary of the U.S. Government.

One of the best athletes in public life, he had scant hopes of ever gaining America's Presidency.

Had you told him that this high success would come after he had been crippled by infantile paralysis he would have laughed.

What of Mussolini? Privately, his name was registered on police files in Milan as a Socialist campaigner who needed watching. Publicly, he was a newspaper editor, pleased enough that he had doubled the circulation of "Avanti" in a year, but little suspecting the nature of a future meeting with a thin infantry lieutenant in Germany, a certain Goering.

Stalin, as Josef Dzhusgashvili, was toiling in the darkness of a mine in Siberia, a political prisoner of the Czars.

THE "LITTLE MEN" GET BIG.

Nearly all the leaders of to-day, it is odd to realise, were "little men" in 1913. Many men and women whose names are now household words were poor and obscure. What particular promise should there be for a 14-year-old boy actor of those days, except that his name was Noel Coward?

A young schoolmaster was known as J. B. Priestley.

At the London School of Economics, a tutor and lecturer named Clement Attlee probably little guessed his future fame as head of the Labour Party.

At the University of Prague, another academic mind, in the person of Edouard Benes, was pondering ways and means of freeing the Czechs from their thralldom in the Austrian Empire.

In Ireland, Commandant de Valera, principally engaged in gun-running, had hopes of the future, but small prospects.

Twenty-year-old Lieutenant Franco was fighting Riff tribesmen in Spanish Morocco.

Molotov, now Foreign Minister of the U.S.S.R., was working in a factory.

Goebbels was a crippled student at the University of Bonn.

Clark Gable was seeking a job in a lumber camp. Gary Cooper was hoping to grow up and be a cowboy.

In 1913 a Hindu lawyer named Gandhi attracted no attention. Albert Einstein was then an obscure scientist in Berlin.

Nearly every well-known radio comedian of to-day was then obscurely working in a business job.

Time spins the wheel. Maybe you'll be chosen next for fame or fortune.

TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

mirth, that I felt infinitely sheepish; and Toby was immeasurably outraged at their familiarity.

These lively young ladies were at the same time wonderfully polite and humane; fanning aside the insects that occasionally lighted on our brows; presenting us with food; and compassionately regarding me in the midst of my afflictions. But in spite of all their blandishments, my feelings of propriety were exceedingly shocked, for I could not but consider them as having overstepped the due limits of female decorum.

Having diverted themselves to their hearts' content, our young visitants now withdrew, and gave place to successive troops of the other sex, who continued flocking towards the house until near noon; by which time I have no doubt that the greater part of the inhabitants of the valley had bathed themselves in the light of our benignant countenances.

At last, when their numbers began to diminish, a superb-looking warrior stooped the towering plumes of his head-dress beneath the low portal, and entered the house. I saw at once that he was some distinguished personage, the natives regarding him with the utmost deference, and making room for him as he approached.

His aspect was imposing. The splendid long drooping tail-feathers of the tropical bird, thickly interspersed with the gaudy plumage of the cock, were disposed in an immense upright semicircle upon his head, their lower extremities being fixed in a crescent of guinea-heads which spanned the forehead.

Around his neck were several enormous necklaces of boar's tusks, polished like ivory, and disposed in such a manner as that the longest and largest were upon his capacious chest.

Thrust forward through the large apertures in his ears were two small and finely shaped sperm-

whale teeth, presenting their cavities in front, stuffed with freshly-plucked leaves, and curiously wrought at the other end into strange little images and devices. These barbaric trinkets, garnished in this manner at their open extremities, and tapering and curving round to a point behind the ear, resembled not a little a pair of cornucopias.

The loins of the warrior were girt about with heavy folds of a dark-coloured tappa, hanging before and behind in clusters of braided tassels, while anklets and bracelets of curling human hair completed his unique costume. But that which was most remarkable in the appearance of this splendid islander, was the

SOLUTION TO 3-MINUTE THRILLER

"I expected something of the sort," said Mrs. Pym, "and guessed where the slip would be. He forgot the ears. They always do, and they're as individual as fingerprints. That's what I looked for."

elaborate tattooing displayed on every noble limb. All imaginable lines and curves and figures were delineated over his whole body, and in their grotesque variety and infinite profusion, I could only compare them to the crowded groupings of quaint patterns we sometimes see in costly pieces of lace-work. The most simple and remarkable of all these ornaments was that which decorated the countenance of the chief. Two broad stripes of tattooing, diverging from the centre of his shaven crown, obliquely crossed both eyes—staining the lids—to a little below either ear, where they united with another stripe, which swept in a straight line along the lips, and formed the base of the triangle. The warrior, from the excellence of his physical proportions, might certainly have been regarded as one of nature's noblemen, and the lines drawn upon his face may possibly have denoted his exalted rank.

(Continued to-morrow)

Answer to Who Is It?  
JOHN PEEL

CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10					11			
12			13		14			
15		16		17				
		18	19			20	21	
22	23				24	25		
26				27	28			
		29				30	31	
32	33				34		35	
36				37				
38							39	

CLUES ACROSS.

- Vehicle.
- Shoe.
- Without equal.
- Volcanic matter.
- Conical ball of thread.
- Road material.
- Recognise.
- Beam.
- Healthy.
- Carmine.
- Frequently.
- Escape from.
- Girl's name.
- Superman.
- Assistance.
- Step.
- Pipe-shaped.
- Triumphed.
- Mesopotamia.
- Chance.
- Boarding-house.
- Word of agreement.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

SOFTEN PAP  
IRE YIELDED  
LATEEN YOKE  
KNEADED REP  
G G SAGE O  
MEALY BESET  
E DEAL LN  
ARM MEDICAL  
TOIL MADAME  
HARICOT PEG  
MET NEWELS

CLUES DOWN.

- Migratory birds.
- Presently.
- Counterstroke.
- Total.
- Become aware.
- Drama.
- Stuff.
- Dodged.
- Male animal.
- Military student.
- Sadness.
- 19 As late as.
- 20 Bolting.
- 21 Relies.
- 23 Prospective state.
- 25 Course circuit.
- 28 One of the U.S.A.
- 29 Sea-birds.
- 31 Innermost part.
- 32 Extremity.
- 33 Prohibit.
- 34 Doubled.



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

## All over in a flash!

In a split second and a flurry of chiffon, Nita, Victoria Palace star, does her amazing mid-air somersault, pictured here in four high-speed camera shots by George Greenwell, whose story is below.

1. (Below). Nita's right foot leads the way, her left is still on the stage.



2. The left foot has left the stage, and the Butterfly becomes airborne, Nita's head being about eighteen inches from the boards.

## The flight of MADAM BUTTERFLY

THERE is nothing new in synchronised speed photography by means of the photo flash bulb; many of the interior action pictures which appear in the National Press and periodicals are obtained by synchronised flashlight, or rather by means of an instrument commonly known to the photographic fraternity as a "speed gun."

Submariner camera enthusiasts will no doubt own one of the many speed guns which were available pre-war, or at least will have read about them in the photographic papers, but, for the interest of the non-photographic minded, the Editor has asked me to write a few words (cutting out technicalities as far as possible), explaining how these speed flash pictures are obtained.

The shots of Nita which appear on this page are a good example; others which have previously appeared — well, perhaps you will remember the following: Huia Cooper, spinning at top speed in her Can-Can dress, Valerie Tandy leaping over the heads of chorus girls; Clair high-kicking (all taken on the Windmill Theatre stage); then there were the studies of the famous skater Daphne Walker, leaping and gyrating on the ice at a speed almost deceptive to the human eye; and, of course, not forgetting your own black-eyed hound, yours for ever, Goggles! Have you ever seen a dog move when water is poured over him? Well, Goggles is super-speedy! If you don't believe me, ask Tony when you look him up on a spot of leave.

BACK-ROOM SYNC-BOY. All these pictures and others have been taken by speed flashlight and by a speed gun (I have heard it described by Fleet Street men as "The Battleship," it's tough), which is the only one of its kind, for it was invented and made by myself in my spare time in my garage workshop. It took me two years to perfect.

With my partner in crime ("I-Get-Around" Richards) we saw the show, "La-di-da-di-da," at the Victoria Palace, London. We agreed that the butterfly trick, appropriately named and perfectly performed by Nita during the second act, "Noni and Nita," was an outstanding photographic action subject which was certain to interest readers of "Good Morning." Permission was soon obtained to photograph Nita on the stage of the Victoria Palace before the show. I explained to that charming young lady exactly what it was I wanted to do—namely, to photograph her at the various stages of the Butterfly act. She doubted very much if I would get the photographs. She said, "I have performed the trick in every country in the world and have had hundreds of pictures taken, but I have never seen a really good one—you see, it is very, very quick—watch." Swish! A terrific concentration of energy released; it was over in a flash.

### ONLY ONE CHOICE.

With the modern, expensive precision cameras, fitted with fast lenses and shutters, the choice of super-fast films and plates, there should be no

serious trouble in arresting such movement in reasonable daylight. In fact, results are obtained by well-practised cameramen in good artificial light, but, of course, there are limits, and I had struck the limit this time, for it was necessary to set my shutter-speed to the highest possible (approximately 1-1,200th part of a second) to stop movement. The stage lighting combined with the little daylight would not have registered on my plate at that speed, so I got out flash bulbs and the "Battleship." Having carefully set the synchronising dial, Nita, still doubting, did the trick four times, only pausing for me to change bulbs and plates and to re-wind the shutter.

### THE "BATTLESHIP" ON THE SECRET LIST.

What the "Battleship" did actually was just this: It synchronised the slit of the blind of the focal plane shutter, approximately 1-16th in., as it sped across the 9 by 12 c.m. plate or picture space with the ignition and burning of a flash bulb, so that the illumination of same would be even over the entire plate. The duration of the burning of the bulb is approximately 1-64th of a second, the beginning and ending being useless photographically. Exposure, 1-1,200th part of a second. In other words, the shutter slit rendering the above-mentioned exposure has to synchronise with the peak of the illumination caused by the burning of the flash bulb.

GEORGE MORRISON GREENWELL.



3. Completely inverted in mid-air, with the right foot beginning its descent.



4. The touch-down with the right foot, the complete somersault having been made.

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I've often done that in a cat-fight!"

